

Cleverness is a sort of genius for instrumentality. It is the brain of the hand.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?
Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot and Sore Feet. At all Drugists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

The love of woman passes all comprehension, and a man's love of her often does likewise.

"He Who Pursues Two"

Hares Catches Neither."

Said a well known young man about town, "I tried for years to burn the candle at both ends, in the pursuit of pleasure while trying to attend to business. My blood, stomach and kidneys got into a wretched state and it seemed that I could not carry the burden any longer.

But now my rheumatism has gone, my courage has returned, and all on account of that marvel, Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has made me a picture of health. Now I'm in for business pure and simple."

Rosy Cheeks—"I have good health and rosy cheeks, thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It builds me up and saves doctor's bills." MARY A. BURKE, 604 East Clair Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

Impure Blood—Abscess—"An abscess formed on my right side, caused by impure blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla has made me as sound as a dollar and the cure is permanent." W. H. HOFFNER, Alvir, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver bile; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER
WILL KEEP YOU DRY.

Don't be fooled with a mackintosh or rubber coat. If you want a coat that will keep you dry in the hardest storm buy the Fish Brand Slicker. It is for sale in your town, write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

SEND 47 CENTS.
Special Offer.
Common Sense Violin

When Buying Base Ball Goods Look for Spalding's Trade Mark "Standard of Quality" and take no substitute
Handsomely Catalogued Free.
A. G. SPALDING & BROS.
New York. Chicago. Denver.

CANDY CATHARTIC
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REGULATE THE LIVER

SPECIAL RATES SOUTH VIA PORT ARTHUR ROUTE.

Half fare round trip (plus \$2.00) on 1st and 3rd Tuesday of each month. Quickest and best line to St. Louis, the East and South. All information at PORT ARTHUR ROUTE OFFICE, 1415 Farnam Street, (Paxton Hotel Block) or write Harry E. Moore, C. P. & T. A., Omaha, Neb.

FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA
IS A BIG COUNTRY

With variety enough to suit almost any kind of a settler. The farmer will find lands suited to any branch of agriculture. The stock raiser will find grazing lands in such quantities that he will never be able to put a fence around all of them. This is the way in which the Western editor concludes his remarks on a recent trip made through Western Canada. Particulars can be had by applying to the nearest representative of the Interior, Ottawa, Canada, or to W. V. Bennett, 801 New York Life Building, Omaha, Neb.

CURE YOURSELF!
Use Big 4 for all ailments.
Genuine Chemical Co.
U. S. A.

WANTED—Case of health that B-P-A-N-S will not cure. Send 5 cents to B-P-A-N-S Chemical Co., New York, for 10 samples and 100 testimonials.

Dr. Kay's Renovator, Guaranteed
It cures constipation, liver and kidney diseases, biliousness, headache, etc. At drugists 25c & 50c.

DICK RODNEY; or, The Adventures of An Eton Boy...

BY JAMES GRANT.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

"What are you about?" asked Weston, angrily.

"Greasing the sling of the fore-yard, sir."

"Oh—I thought you were making hay, you are so slow about it. You have been staring ahead for the last twenty minutes, at least."

"Because I think I see something," said the seaman, annoyed by the nautical taunt.

"Something?" reiterated Weston.

"What is it? A church or a windmill going before the wind?"

"Neither, sir—but a boat adrift."

"How does it bear, Ned?" asked Hislop, starting into the rigging.

"On the starboard bow, about two miles off."

On hearing this the telescope was resorted to, and we could plainly enough see a white object, which the intervening waves, as they rose and fell, hid from us at times; and there was a great diversity of opinion, for one of the crew maintained that it was a harbor buoy adrift.

"It must have drifted a long way to have come here," retorted Carlton.

"And if you have your grandmother's spectacles about you, wipe them clean, put them on, and look again—for I can see plainly enough that it is a boat."

"Then we shall overhaul it," said Weston; "Hislop, prepare to lower ours, and to lay the fore-yard aback."

The Eugene's course was shaped toward it, and when within a quarter of a mile the foresail was laid to the mast, the brig hove in the wind, and the stern boat lowered; Hislop, Tom Lambourne, two other hands and I manned her and put off to inspect and report upon what we could discover. And so, with many surmises as to wrecks, boats getting adrift or being washed away from their davits, and so forth, we pulled swiftly toward her, all stripped to our shirt sleeves, for a hot West Indian sun was blazing in a cloudless sky, and the air seemed still and breathless.

CHAPTER XIV.

Antonio el Cubano.

As the strange boat pitched about on the waves some of our men asserted that at times they could see a man's head above the gunwale. Others expressed their doubts of this, and in the midst of such discussions we sheered alongside. Hislop caught the bow by the boat-hook, and while retaining his hold, fended off, to prevent her being dashed against ours.

In the bottom of the boat, which was evidently the clinker-built skiff of a merchant vessel, and was all painted yellow, as a preservation from the sun in a warm climate, there lay under the thwarts a man, asleep, in a stupor, or dead—at first we knew not which; but he was pale enough to have passed for the last.

By his tawny visage and coal-black beard, his long scarlet cap and sash, in which a sheathed knife was stuck, and also by the rings in his ears, we recognized him to be a Spanish seaman. He was a man naturally of a tall and powerful frame, but of forbidding aspect—of great personal strength, but wasted apparently by toll, by exposure and famine.

A dark and coagulated crust of something like blood appeared on his baked lips and thick mustaches, on the blackness of which the saline particles of the sea foam, dried by the tropical sun, glittered white as hoar frost on a bush in winter.

As we roused him he grasped his knife instinctively and repulsively, but relinquished it, and then stared wildly at us, muttering in imploring tones:

"Aqua, aqua, por amor de Dios!" (water, water, for the love of God).

"Misericordia! O señores—O Ave Maria, misericordia!"

"Here, Jack Spaniard, ship a drop of this; it is real Jamaica," said Tatooed Tom, pouring between the parched lips of the Spaniard some rum, which likely had been put in the boat by the foresight of Hislop.

The black eyes of the castaway dilated and flashed as the spirit revived him, restoring his wasted energies, and bringing a hectic color to his cheeks.

"Belay now," said Tom; "you must get some Thames water from the brig before you take more of this."

"Muchos gracias—many, many thanks," said the Spaniard, in tones of thankfulness.

"Enough of that—stow your slack, and come on board if you can," said Tom, testily, as he had sulky recollections of our adventures at the Grand Canary.

Restored by the mouthful of alcohol, the Spaniard staggered up, but with difficulty; and then we perceived that gouts of blood, dried and encrusted by the sun, were on his person and on the inside of the boat, especially on one of the thwarts.

"What is this—blood?" asked Hislop, with an imperceptible shudder.

The Spaniard started and became, if possible, paler at the question, as he nervously clutched the gunwale of his boat with both hands, and said, in broken accents:

"My dog, señores; I killed a dog that was with me, because it went mad in the hot sunshine, and being without water."

"Why did you not throw it into the sea?"

"It would have bitten me, señor, and

might perhaps have come into the boat again."

"Likely enough," muttered one of our men.

"You could have knocked it over with an oar," said Hislop; "but did your dog wear this?" he added, fishing up with the boat-hook a cap that lay in the bilge water under the stern sheets of the skiff.

"That cap is mine," said the Spaniard, in a husky voice, while closing his eyes, as if wearied or appalled.

"Have you two heads?" asked Hislop, sternly.

"No, señor; but—but—"

"What, then?"

"A man may have two caps, for all that."

Perceiving that he was on the point of sinking again, Tom Lambourne poured some more of the rum into his mouth, and we dragged him into our boat, setting the skiff, which was quite useless to us, adrift once more.

"What was your ship?" asked Hislop, who spoke Spanish fluently.

"The Marshal Serrano—a Spanish brig from Cadiz."

"From the Canaries last?" I inquired hastily.

"Yes; bound to Costa Rica."

Tom Lambourne gave me a rapid glance, as he spat on his hands and pushed his oar through the rowlock.

"She foundered and went down with all hands on board," continued the famished Spaniard, in a broken voice and with quivering lips.

"All?" reiterated Hislop, sternly and dubiously.

"All save myself, señor," replied the other, hesitatingly, and lowering his hollow eyes. "I escaped in the skiff."

"With your dog?"

"Si, señor."

"In what latitude did this take place?"

Without a moment's hesitation, the Spaniard gave us the latitude and longitude.

"I can't make out this fellow's story in any way," said Hislop in English.

"By the theory and law of storms, we should have had a touch of the same gale existed. He has deserted, or been marooned. I don't believe a word he says. What is your name?" he asked in Spanish.

"Antonio."

"I started on hearing it, for my suspicions were becoming more and more confirmed."

"Antonio? What more?"

"El Cubano, or the Cuban; for so my shipmates termed me, and I have no other name."

"Quick, my lads!" said Hislop. "Lay out on your oars."

We were soon alongside the Eugene, and had our castaway hoisted on board, when, for a time, an end was put to our queries but not to our surmises, by his becoming insensible. We had questioned him already perhaps too much, considering the weakness of his condition.

He adhered to his original story in every particular when examined by Weston and Hislop a day or two after—that he belonged to the Spanish merchant brig Marshal Serrano, the same craft which had worked with us out of the roadstead of Santa Cruz; that she had foundered in a storm, being overmastered and overlaid, and that he alone escaped of all the crew; that when his dog became mad he had slain the animal and cast the carcass into the sea, and that he had been floating about in an open boat, without food and without ought to cool his parched tongue, save the heavy tropical dew of heaven, where we found him; and to the truth of all this he was ready to swear over two crossed knives, in the fashion of his country.

In short, we were obliged to content ourselves with his narrative, which Hislop duly engrossed in the ship's log, while expressing great disbelief as to its authenticity.

In the first place, our mate denied that any such storm as that in which the Cuban alleged his brig had perished had ever existed; and he deduced from his favorite theory that we were, and had been, in the direct track of such a storm, and must have felt its influence long ere this.

Hence we thought it more probable that the man had deserted in the night, perhaps in consequence of committing some crime, or for the same reason he had been marooned and set adrift.

The crew were divided in opinion, and Tom Lambourne openly expressed his disbelief that the blood which covered the clothes of the Cuban and the thwart of the boat ever came from the veins of a dog, and others asserted that he must have quarreled with an unfortunate shipmate and killed him, or had, perhaps, assassinated him in his sleep for the horrible purpose of prolonging his own assistance.

Amid these unpleasant surmises as to his character and position, in a few days the Spaniard joined the crew in working the ship, and proved himself to be a steady, industrious and able seaman, and as three of our hands were on the sick list, his services were the more valuable.

On remarking this to Tom Lambourne:

"It is all very true, sir," he replied; "but I don't like a seaman who cannot look his shipmate right in the face."

"You are a physiognomist," I suggested.

"Don't know what kind of a mist that may be, Master Rodney; but this I know—there is always something cunning and dangerous in a fellow who looks over your shoulder, as that Spaniard does, when he should look at your eyes."

Antonio had an excessive dislike for deck duty by night. He exhibited a strange dread of being left alone, and could scarcely be prevailed upon to look over the vessel's side, always shrinking back as if he expected to see something hideous rise out of the sea. Weston suggested that perhaps his recent suffering had unmanned and rendered him nervous, but the crew thought otherwise.

In his sleep Antonio frequently disturbed the men in the fore-cabin bunks by his mutterings, his wild dreams, outcries, and sonorous Spanish maledictions.

I was at the wheel on a calm and lovely night (it was the 13th of January), when we were off the beautiful shore of Hispaniola. I remember well that Cape Samana bore west by south, and Cape Cabron west by north, for my task of steering was new to me, and Weston's orders were "to keep her full and by"—that is, as close to the wind as possible without making the canvas shiver.

I could see the lights that glittered in the distant villages that studded the low but fertile peninsula of Samana. All was still and quiet in the ship and around it. Soothed by the solemnity of the hour and the vast solitude of the sea, my heart was full, and busy memory brought before me loved faces and voices, places and scenes, that were far away, in dear old England.

The brig was gliding through the water rapidly, but imperceptibly, and almost without a sound; the men of the watch were leaning over the bulwark to leeward, and the air, the sea and all aloft and below seemed to sleep in the moonlight; not a reef point pattered on the taut canvas, and scarce a wavelet rippled save in the dead water astern that marked the white wake of the Eugene.

Suddenly a shrill and piercing cry rang out upon the night, and Antonio the Cuban rushed out from the fore-cabin with the wildest terror expressed in his black eyes; his visage was pale and ghastly, and the perspiration glittered like bead drops on his clammy brow. With his bare feet he stumbled over the chain cable, which lay coiled up on the deck, for on that afternoon we had hauled it up and bent it to the working anchor.

He came running aft in his shirt, brandishing a knife in his hand, and exclaiming in fierce and then imploring accents:

"Who says I did it? Who dares to say so?"

"Then, letting his arms drop as he slunk back to his bunk, we heard him groan out:

"El cuchillo—el cuchillo!" (the knife—the knife).

Hence, under such circumstances, it may easily be supposed that among the crew there floated strange and dark surmises as to the past life of Antonio el Cubano.

(To be continued.)

SHARKS AND DEAD WHALE.

All Anxious for a Bite of the Huge Carcass.

The presence of any large quantity of easily obtainable food is always sufficient to secure the undivided attention of the shark tribe, says the National Review. When "cutting in" whales at sea I have often been amazed at the incredible numbers of these creatures that gather in a short space of time, attracted by some mysterious means from heaven only knows what remote distances. It has often occurred to us, when whaling in the neighborhood of New Zealand, to get a sperm whale alongside without a sign of a shark below or a bird above. Within an hour from the time of our securing the vast mass of flesh in the ship the whole area within at least an acre has been alive with a seething multitude of sharks, while from every quarter came drifting silently an incalculable host of sea birds, converting the blue surface of the sea into the semblance of a plain of new fallen snow. The body of a whale before an incision is made in the blubber presents a smooth, rounded surface, almost as hard as India rubber, with apparently no spot where any daring eater could find foothold. But, oblivious of all else save that internal anguish of desire, the ravenous seawolves silently writhed in the density of their hordes for a place at the bounteous feast. Occasionally one pre-emptive would actually set his lower jaw against the black roundness of the mighty carcass and, with a steady sinuous thrust of his lithe tail, gouge out therefrom a mass of a hundred-weight or so. If he managed to get away with it, the space left presented a curious corrugated hollow, where the serrated triangular teeth had worried their way through the tenacious substance, telling plainly what vigorous force must have been behind them. But it was seldom that we permitted such premature toll to be taken of our spoil. The harpooners and officers from their lofty position on the cutting stage slew scores upon scores by simply dropping their keen-edged blubber spades upon the soft crowns of the struggling fish, the only place where a shark is vulnerable to instant death. The weapon sinks into the creature's brain, he gives a convulsive writhe or two, releases his hold and slowly sinks, followed in his descent by a knot of his immediate neighbors, all anxious to provide him with prompt sepulture within their own yearning maws.

ARE YOU SORE AND STIFF
From hard work or outdoor exercise?
ST. JACOBS OIL
Will cure after a few applications, and make the muscles limber and strong.

The sunshine of life is to be found in our own natures.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

J. C. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Seize the fleeting moments as they pass, but do not attempt to put them aside for future use.

Oh That Delicious Coffee!

Costs but 1c per lb. to grow. Salzer has the seed. German Coffee Berry, pkg. 1lb.; Java Coffee, pkg. 1lb.; Salzer's New American Chicory, pkg. 1lb. Cut this out and send for all of above packages or send 30c and get all 3 packages, and great Catalogue free to JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis. [w.n.]

The average middle-aged man has a delusion that he is only a little gray around the temples.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?

It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Drugists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Samples sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Any fool counterfeiter can make money, but it takes a smart man to get rid of it.

Good for Little Folks

Don't torture the children with liquid and pill poisons. The only safe, agreeable laxative for little ones is Cascarets, Candy Cathartic. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

An old bachelor says a woman's change of mind is an effect without a cause.

Dropery treated free by Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, of Atlanta, Ga. The greatest dropper specialists in the world. Read their advertisement in another column of this paper.

There is more than one kind of smokeless powder that is fatal to mankind.

Coe's Cough Balsam

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

The only safe people to talk to are those who never listen to anything you say.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

You can very often count your friends by your dollars.

FIT'S Permanently Cured. No return necessary after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Some people can't see what pleasure those who mind their own business find in living.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a family medicine with us since 1855.—J. R. Madison, 2409 42d Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Some people wait until they are requested to do things, and some wait until they are requested not to.

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Do not anticipate trouble, nor worry about what may never happen.

HELLO!
Yes,—Oh, is that so? Well, I want to tell you, if you don't kill out the last vestige of Grip, it will kill you eventually. What do I mean? Why, La Grippe leaves people in such awful shape that every organ of the body gets deranged, and finally, if you don't do anything for it, you will "kick the bucket" the first you know.

What's that?—Oh yes, I know just what to do to straighten you out every time.—Did I ever try it? Certainly I did, and it saved my life too.

Do I think so? Yes, I know it.—What?—Some of the most prominent people in Omaha and the West—

Yes, it is really wonderful; didn't you know it?—Who?—Why, there is W. A. Paxton, A. U. Wyman, E. A. Benson, W. J. Connell, T. S. Clarkson, Geo. P. Bemis, Chas. D. Thompson, Rev. Chas. W. Savidge, A. S. Church, C. J. Smyth, A. G. Edwards, Beecher Higby, Geo. Helms, John A. Yelzer, W. R. Roberts, Hospe—

What?—Oh, yes, I could mention hundreds.—Any remarkable cures? Well, I should say so; there never was any treatment equal to it.

What?—Well, after any one has La Grippe, and also many people in the Spring are about half dead, because the liver and nearly all the internal organs are clogged, and don't work properly, and it causes all the bad symptoms you can possibly imagine.

What?—Oh yes, I have watched this treatment for a long time, and I know there is nothing that equals Dr. Kay's Renovator for all such cases as well as stomach troubles, indigestion, liver and kidney troubles, headache and constipation.—What?

Oh, it is called Dr. Kay's Renovator, and it is the greatest remedy on earth.

Am I sure? I know it; I have seen it cure hundreds of the worst cases where they had tried everything that the best physicians, without getting any help—What?—Well, I'll tell you what I would advise. If you will do as I did, you will soon feel like a boy again, and I know you will be wonderfully pleased with the result.

You just write to the Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co.'s Eastern Office at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., and explain your case fully, and their physician, of large experience, will give you the best advice you could possibly get, free of charge, and if you ask for it, they will send you a free sample of medicine, and will send you free a copy of Dr. Kay's Home Treatment; which is a book of 116 pages, profusely illustrated, and gives the cause, symptoms and best treatment of all diseases, besides many receipts, and you will find this book alone worth more than a dollar to you.—What?—Oh, yes, the druggists all sell it for twenty-five cents and one dollar; but if they don't have it, they will try to sell you something else that they will tell you is just as good; but don't you take any substitute, for there is nothing that equals the Dr. Kay's Renovator. If they don't have it, you just send the price in a letter to the company, and they will send it to you by return mail. I tell you there is no need of your dragging yourself around, feeling so miserable, all the time.—What?—Oh, yes, the name is Dr. Kay's Renovator.—Where? At the Home Office at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Don't put it off, but write at once. Good-bye.

Don't buttonhole a busy man, and a lazy man can do nothing for you that will pay you for stopping him.

Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer